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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 03, No. 32): February 28, 1850

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Daniel Ripley Wing

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# The Eastern Mail.

A Family Newspaper.....Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, the Mechanic Arts, and General Intelligence.

VOL. III.

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## POETRY.

### THE FIRST KISS.

BY MISS J. E. KNOX.

"Nay, ask me not, how could I bring  
My lips to rest on manhood's brow?  
A maiden may not lightly fling  
Her timid nature off to thee,  
Cared as thou art wont to be,  
What were a kiss of mine to thee?"

"And thou wouldst think that I had pressed  
Another cheek as soon as thine,  
Should I allow my lips to rest  
(Even as lightly as on hallowed shrine  
The trembling lips of devotee.)  
On thine, as pledge of love to thee?"

But when some words of gentle sound  
Were whispered to the maiden's heart;  
She could not bear his love to wound—  
The hour had come when they must part;  
And she was young, and fond, and true;  
What could the gentle maiden do?

The spell is broken—she has laid  
Her trembling lips against his cheek;  
On hers there is a deeper shade  
Of crimson, but she does not speak;  
Her breath is hushed—her voice is still—  
'Tis given, half without her will!

## POPULAR READING.

### A VERY WOMAN.

BY S. M., THE AUTHOR OF THE MAIDEN AUNT.

"Fertile in expedients!" said Clara Capel to herself, as she stood alone at the breakfast-table with a spoon filled with tea leaves carefully poised in her hands on its way from the caddy to the teapot. The life of Sully lay open on the table beside her, and was the immediate cause of her soliloquy. "Fertile in expedients!" thought she, "it is always the same. All great men are so, whether statesmen, or generals, or authors. They don't make a handsome, tidy, comfortable theory in their own minds, and then throw away everything they meet with because it does not exactly suit the place they have got ready for it; but they take the world as they find it, and having got their materials they improve here and correct there, they invent this and beautify that and combine all, till at last they have built up a edifice to the glory of God; and the irregularity and variety, the dreamy lights and doubtful shadows, are, in fact, the beauty of it. (Clara was pleased with her illustration, and so paused to polish it a little ere she proceeded.) To give up laboring because the persons, or the systems, by whom and under which you have to labor, are not ideally perfect, is very much as if an artist were to give up painting because his oil-colors didn't smell of roses, and were apt to soil his fingers. 'Make the best of it'—that is the motto of all practical greatness—and what a best it is sometimes. How infinitely and wonderfully the result transcends the means!—Well, and the same sort of mind which, when the proportions are large, is fit to rule the world, must be necessary, though with small proportions, for the guidance of a family, or a course of every-day duties. Of that I am quite sure. And this is a woman's business, not to sit down as I do and grieve inwardly because she cannot do what she would, but to do what she can, and that cheerfully. Goethe says, 'It is well for a woman when no work seems too hard for her or too small, and when she is able to forget herself and to live entirely for others.' Why am I not thus? I can be, and by God's help I will be. Unselfishness and energy, these are the great secrets; and these are within everybody's reach. I may be, if I choose, the life and centre of this home of mine—the one to whom all appeal. I may bring order and even elegance out of all this confusion, by descending to details and going to work heartily. Why should I be ashamed to do so? The heroine of a Swedish novel goes into the kitchen to dress beefsteaks for her husband's dinner, and yet is capable of discussing aesthetics in a manner that few Englishwomen could equal. One would not be less liked and admired—(here it must be confessed that a particular person was in Clara's thoughts, though she gave mental utterance to no name)—for such exertions, but rather more. Men, especially, never think so highly of a woman, as when she contributes to the comfort of others; and how can she contribute to the comfort of others, if her most active bodily exertion is to dance the polka? But this must be all real. It must be done, not thought about; and the disagreeables and the failures, which one must needs encounter, must be laughed at and overcome. Then, how charming it will be when I see my work, and feel that I hold the family together, and that they all look to me and have recourse to me; and that by sacrificing my own particular wishes and tastes I am able to sustain them all, and make them all happy!"

Clara clasped her hands together in the enthusiasm awakened by this idea, and the contents of the teacup went fluttering over the white table cloth, not omitting to sprinkle the open butter-dish which stood near.

"Isn't my mistress's breakfast ready yet, Miss Clara?" asked a somewhat untidy looking maid, as she entered the room, carrying an empty tray, and followed by the master of the house and sundry other members of the family; 'she has been waiting for it this quarter of an hour.'

Clara looked quite bewildered at this sudden summons from her castles in the air.

"Why the tea isn't even made," cried Mr. Capel, indignantly. "Really, Clara, it is very tiresome. Books, with a wrathful glance at the volume of Sully, are exceedingly well in their way; but it is one of the worst characteristics of a regular book stocking to be dreaming over a book when she ought to be making herself useful. Half-past nine o'clock, too, and the children's breakfast not ready yet. If this goes on I shall have Julia installed as house-

keeper in future; she may, perhaps, be better, and it's quite certain she couldn't be worse."

"I am very sorry, papa," said Clara meekly, the ready tears gathering in her eyes.

"O! it's easy to be very sorry," returned her father, as he sat down and began cutting bread and butter with great vehemence; "but the fact is, you don't care for such things—you never think about them—your head is full of other matters; and so long as you have your German and your music, it's nothing to you that your mother has to wait for her breakfast. If you gave one-twentieth part of the thought which you bestow on a sonata by Beethoven to the comfort of your family, it would be better for us all."

How unjust we are to each other! and yet scarcely to be condemned, for the action is all we can see; and when the action belies the thought how can we form a right judgment?—And who is there so perfectly disciplined that his habitual actions do indeed represent his inward aspirations?

Clara was naturally timid; she attempted no self defence, but hurriedly and nervously proceeded with the business of breakfast. She made tea, conscious that the water had ceased to boil, but afraid to expose the fact by ringing for a fresh supply. Quietly and silently she provided the children with their bread and milk, distributed the steaming cups to her elder brother and sister, and finally placed the strongest beside her father, who, vouchsafed no acknowledgment of the attention, his temper not being improved by the discovery that he was spreading tea leaves upon his bread with his butter. Then, while the servant and tray still waited, she was hurrying out into the garden, leaving her own meal untasted, when her brother stopped her. "Where, in the name of wonder, are you going, Clara?"

"Only to gather a nosegay, to send up with mamma's breakfast," replied she, apologetically, as she paused on the threshold.

"A nosegay!" cried Mr. Capel, with an indescribable mixture of wrath and contempt, while George and Julia could not restrain their laughter, and the younger members of the family observed that restrained and awkward silence natural to children when a disturbance is going on among their elders. "A nosegay! upon my word and honor, Clara, you are too provoking. Just come back and sit down, will you? I hate this confused, uncomfortable way of having one's breakfast—it is wretched—it puts me out for the whole day. And your mother waiting all this while. She would much rather have a cup of tea than all the nosegays in the world. It will be time enough to think of the graces of life when you have learned a little better to fulfil the commonest duties."

This closing sarcasm was quite too much for poor Clara; and as she resumed her seat and her occupation, her tears fell fast. She tried hard to restrain them, and carefully screened them from her father's observation behind the urn. Then followed sundry of those small, quiet kindnesses, which are always forthcoming when any member of an affectionate family is in trouble, however deserved. George and Julia exerted themselves to maintain a forced conversation, and the former kept vigilant watch over the sipping and creaming of his father's cup, in order to repair any oversight, without drawing any attention to it; Emily silently supplied her sister's plate with bread and butter; and little Annie, who understood nothing except that Clara was crying about flowers, stole round to her side with a rosebud, just gathered from her own garden, soft and fresh as her own smiling lips, and quietly slipped the offering into Clara's hand.

Mr. Capel was angry enough to feel his indignation rather increased than abated by the distress of the culprit; it seemed to reproach him for a severity that justice had entirely demanded, and by aggravating his discomfort, aggravated also his ire. He pushed his plate from him, saying, in a kind of *finale* tone of intense disgust, "A wretched breakfast, indeed!" then sharply rebuked Emily for spilling her bread and milk on the carpet, and trod hard on the toes of the family spaniel, who spent its life in an abortive attempt to commit suicide by thrusting himself under the feet of each member of the household in succession, but who being a favorite, was generally petted and praised for this, as though the natural place of dogs was wherever human feet were about to be planted; and if the dog escaped being trampled on, and the human being escaped a fall, it was a wonderful exercise of skill and affection on the part of the former, and he deserved high commendation for it. Ponto howled aloud; and Emily, who was very tenderhearted, and whose nerves were somewhat affected by the preceding scene, burst into a violent fit of tears; little Annie, as a matter of course, roared with all her might for sympathy.

Mr. Capel was universally pronounced a very happy father; nevertheless, this specimen of their felicity was by no means solitary of its kind.

Mr. Capel could scarcely be blamed for seizing his hat, and rushing forth to his office in a passion; and how can he contribute to the comfort of others, if her most active bodily exertion is to dance the polka? But this must be all real. It must be done, not thought about; and the disagreeables and the failures, which one must needs encounter, must be laughed at and overcome. Then, how charming it will be when I see my work, and feel that I hold the family together, and that they all look to me and have recourse to me; and that by sacrificing my own particular wishes and tastes I am able to sustain them all, and make them all happy!"

in his household. Seven children and a sickly wife taxed to the utmost the moderate income which he made as a lawyer in a country town, and the perpetual struggle of a naturally liberal disposition, compelled to live and make-live upon insufficient means, was quite enough, when not converted by self-discipline into a means of improvement, to account for the growing irritability of his character. George, a promising youth of eighteen, and the delight of his eldest sister's heart, was intended for holy orders; he was amiable and clever, even elegant in mind, but somewhat irresolute; there was about him a feminine want of self-dependence, combined with an occasional obstinacy of purpose, so sudden and disproportionate that it seemed to arise from a secret suspicion of his particular defect and a desire to prove to himself that it had no real existence. As it often happens in such cases, he was apt to overdo the cure, and to apply it at wrong times;—he was like a person who coddles himself all summer when he is quite well, and goes out without a hat on the first frosty morning. Of course he catches so violent a cold he must needs stay in doors for the next six months. Julia was a pretty, good-humored, common-place girl, of sixteen, very ready with small talk, and passionately fond of partners. She was popular wherever she went, and was just the sort of person to be habitually quoted by gentlemen as an example, to prove that it was quite necessary for a woman to have a mind.

The two little boys, Frank and Hugh, had rosy smiling faces, hands never clean, and shoe-strings never tied. They got on very well at the day school, thought it great fun to call their master "Dick" when he was quite out of hearing; invariably slammed the doors in summer, left them wide open in winter; and always had in their pockets a knife, a piece of string, six marbles, two broken slips of wood, a rusty nail, the leaf of a Latin grammar, an ounce of taffy, some crumbs of bread and cheese, a hard ball, and an apple. Emily was rather a self-sufficient lady of nine years, who thought it great promotion to put back her hair with combs and wear worked collars. She was a vigorous stickler for the rights of woman, which she not infrequently attempted to obtain from her brothers by personal violence, being always ready with the true English sentiment, "How cowardly to touch a girl," if the smallest retort were attempted. To say the truth, the two schoolboys suffered many an instance of grievous tyranny at her hands, which they bore the better because they had not yet opened their eyes to the fact. Little Annie, with her earnest blue eyes, sweet shy manner, and pretty laughing ways, was the pet, the plaything, and the sunshine of the whole household. Clara herself was the genius of the family, and as inoffensive a genius as it would be to find anywhere. She had been a precocious child, having learned all her letters before she was two years old, and composed a decided rhyme before she was four; neither had her talents evaporated as she grew up. She played very well and sang with much feeling; she had a great aptitude for languages, was fond of reading, fond of thinking, fond of dreaming. She was very shy, and did not please in general society; she was uncomfortably conscious that her abilities were overrated, and believed herself to be destitute of those attractions which most women covet more than ability.

In person she was interesting rather than pretty, having much intelligence and sweetness of countenance without regularity of feature, so she believed herself ugly, and tried to persuade herself that she was careless of admiration; yet she had much grace of manner, a musical voice, and a captivating smile, and if she had not made herself repulsive out of the fear of being so, she might have been as popular as her sister. She had a most warm, tender heart, a gentle, timid temper, a strong though quiet will, great natural reserve, great anxiety to be loved, boundless aspirations after excellence. She was at once enthusiastic and indolent, sadly deficient in continuous energy, yet never slothful. She felt herself useless, and despised herself for being so, and was almost ashamed to set about curing herself of the faults peculiar to what is called a 'woman of genius,' because she was not certain she was one. She had all kinds of ideal pictures before her eyes which she was impatient to realize; but she was obliged to be architect and mason in one, and she did not know the simplest rules of construction. She was the person of all others the most likely to be misjudged by those who did not thoroughly understand her; for, with an original and striking character, keen thoughts and decided opinions, she had so little natural presence of mind that she often appeared to have no character at all—and she was so self-distrustful that she sometimes disclaimed an opinion almost in the moment of uttering it, lest it should turn out to be wrong. She saw all the evils around her with a perception almost morbidly acute; and she was too busy with self-contempt for the sorry part she had played in the family drama, to think for a moment of criticising her fellow actors. Suddenly she had waked up to the consciousness of all this, having hitherto lived, half studiously, half dreamily, indulged in all her inclinations both by the love of her parents and the pride which they felt in her talents; and while frequently regretting and feeling teased by the civil disorders of the little commonwealth, contenting herself with the notion that she never could amend them, and it was useless for her to try to be practical.

This, however, was but a vague, half-expressed thought, although it was decidedly acted upon, and the evils were perpetually growing, and at last her eyes opened. Sorrowfully and earnestly her heart accused itself before God, and then took refuge from its own reproaches in the intensity of a fresh resolution. None suspected what was going on in her mind, and numberless were the little difficulties unconsciously thrown in her way; not a few, also, were the helps lent her as unconsciously. Indeed, she began to think that it only depended upon herself to turn every difficulty into a help; the steeper the path the sooner you reach the summit, if only you have strength and breath for the ascent. Clara thought she had strength and breath, and should they fail her she knew where and how to renew them. Her purpose burned within her with a fervor, almost with a passion, which those only can understand who are in the habit of feeling much which they never betray, and who, believing with all their hearts that she will have power over life and circumstance and the soul, are yet conscious, even to agony, of its practical impotence. The words, 'conquer self!' were ringing in her ears, throbbing in her

heart and brain, blinding and deafening her for the time to all outward signs and sounds. With an almost terrified hope, that she should ensure their fulfilment, she repeated them inwardly as she knelt at the altar on the following Sunday, her whole spirit being (so to speak) in the attitude of a vow, though her lips pronounced no deliberate pledge. And afterwards during the luxury of a walk with the children, when they bounding away in all directions, left her to solitary meditation, she calmly reviewed and sealed her resolution. How strange and how happy is the effect of even the most transient intercourse with nature upon a heart, wounded and erring and yet desirous of good. How it soothes agitation, and softens pain, and creates life afresh, and in no bolder mould! And this work is done not merely by gorgeous skies or lovely moonlights, by bright waters looking like children into the solemn faces of mountains, or sleeping under the shadowy guardianship of overhanging woods, by the glory and the beauty of earth; it is done likewise by her simplest and most quiet pictures, by her cheapest and most unpretending gifts. The sight of one dark-leaved tree rocking slowly against a dim heaven; the mere aspect of the green field is often enough to change and subdue the whole course of thought. Is it not, perhaps, because these creations are fresh and unmarred by God's hands that they so speedily affect us; because in this they transcend man, in whom there is so much of personal and of evil, that the work of God is, as it were, disguised, and only to be discovered by careful search? The blade of grass which we pluck is what its Creator intended it to be; who shall dare say so much as this of himself, or of any other?

Clara was very happy, so long as she was busy with reveries of the future, and generalizations of duty; but she was far too much in earnest to rest in these, and on Monday morning she determined to begin her new work heartily. She asked herself the question 'how?' and the solution of thought instantly became the ridicule of action. She would superintend their very indolent cook in the preparation of dinner, and she would make herself a gown! Her mother had presented her with one on her last birthday, which lay useless in a drawer because she had not yet been able to save enough from her scanty allowance to pay the dressmaker. How easy it is to look upon life as a whole—how very difficult to encounter its details. Clara got up three hours earlier than usual; and when the household descended to her morning toilet, she found the field pre-occupied with shapeless segments of calico and unmeaning strips of silks, and a vast array of variously contorted wisps of paper which were afflicted with a mental hallucination, and believed themselves to be patterns.

Her young mistress stood in the midst, considerably flushed and somewhat despondent, having as yet achieved no visible end; but the scattering of an immense multitude of minute pieces of thread and bits of sewing silk upon the surface of the rug. She now submitted, with rather an ill grace, to be hunted from room to room by the much worried domestic, being dispossessed of the parlor only just in time to gather up her museum of materials with all haste, and thrust them at random into a closet, to make way for breakfast. After that meal she resumed her labors, varying them by an occasional excursion into the kitchen, which so amazed the cook that she had not self-possession enough to organize any immediate plan of resistance. The confusion of the apartment was at its height, when a knock at the door announced a visitor, and Mr. Archer entered. This was a gentleman who had been known to the Capel family for some years.

He was good, clever, agreeable, and slightly satirical; at thirty-six a confirmed old bachelor in all his ways and thoughts; everywhere much liked, and everywhere a little feared; a great admirer of Julia, with whom he flirted in his easy, frank, comfortable way peculiar to his class, but by no means so fond of Clara, who was afraid of him, and whom he had never taken the trouble to know. In person he was gentlemanlike and pleasing, without being handsome; but he was afflicted with lameness, the consequence of a fall from his horse in college days. He assumed complete indifference to this defect, and spoke of it openly; nay, even joked upon it, but in reality, and in secret, he was conscious of it, even to painfulness, believed himself (absurdly enough) unacceptable to any woman in consequence, and though he never betrayed by look or manner, the slightest sensitiveness when any allusion was made to it, and though his own freedom of expression rather encouraged such allusions in the case of Clara, yet there often be no doubt that all such words inflicted their wounds, and that the delicacy which avoided them was among the surest claims to his regard. When a man speaks of himself—except he be in the close and holy confidence of a true friendship, wherein falsehood is impossible and disguise absurd—distrust him! Either consciously or unconsciously, be sure that he is throwing aside a veil to put on a mask.

"Well, Sappho!" cried Mr. Archer, as he entered the room, and came to a dead halt, in front of a mysterious coil of pink ribbon, upon which Clara had some vague, undeveloped designs; "in the name of wonder, what does this portend? Private theatricals, of course?—and are you mistress of the robes? What costume will you provide for me?"

There is no saying how much good Mr. Archer might have done Clara if he had discarded that objectionable habit of calling her Sappho. As it was, in every conversation which took place between them, there was an unhappy little basis of irritation on her part to begin with, which caused her to consider his most innocent remarks sarcastic, and not unnaturally, disposed him to think unfavorably of her temper. She now answered him as gravely as if no joke had ever been made since the deluge: "Mamma does not approve of private theatricals. I am only making a dress."

He assumed a demure expression of countenance. "I beg your ladyship's pardon," said he, with a profound bow, and then turned to Julia, who came forward with laughing cordiality, holding a book up before his eyes, and assuring him that she had 'read it all through—every word of it!'

Mr. Archer was in the habit of lending Julia books, which she read, or professed to read, chiefly with the object of discussing them afterwards with him. To say the truth, her reading was a very desultory kind of skimming; but, as Clara always studied them in good earnest, her sister generally contrived to pick up enough knowledge about them, to carry her ef-

fectually through a conversation, as readers of reviews are often known to pass for proficient in the literature of the day. The present volume had not, however, taxed her powers of endurance very heavily—it was Tennyson's poems.

He took it from her hand, and turned the leaves. "And which is your favorite?" asked he; "Locksley Hall, of course—everybody chooses Locksley Hall, on a first reading. What a colorist he is! The Venetian of poets." "But I like this, very much," said Julia, looking over his shoulder, and laying her finger upon the name 'Love and Duty.'

"He read it—at first carelessly, as if about to pass from it again; but the passionate music had strong hold upon him, and he could not leave it unfinished."

Beyond the fair green fields and eastern sea,  
He closed the book, uttering the two last lines as he did so, with a prolonged emphasis, just a little exaggerated, in order to save himself from being laughed at by making it look as if he were in a joke. "Just a glimpse of light at the end," said he; "a promise of dawn—giving one a faint hope that this unlucky couple might, perhaps, be happy after all. Do you know, Miss Julia, I should not have expected you to choose this poem for a favorite."

"Why not?" inquired the young lady.

He looked doubtfully at her. "It is so very sentimental," said he, with half a smile.

"I think I am very sentimental," answered Julia, a little affronted.

"Besides," pursued Mr. Archer, "don't you think the verses are wrongly named 'Love and Duty.' Would it not have been more in accordance with duty if the young man had held his tongue about his love, seeing that, for some reason or other, the obstacles to its prevailing were insurmountable?"

Julia did not very well know what to say, so she gave him a bright look and a smile, which implied that she had a vast deal in her mind on the subject, but thought it better not to express it. Clara remarked, bluntly, "That is a masculine view of duty, and therefore, of course selfish."

"How so?" asked Mr. Archer. Some special interference of his good genius prevented him from saying Sappho, and consequently Clara, forgetting her shyness in her feeling for the poem, replied without hesitation. "Because she could feel no security that she was beloved till she was actually told so; no woman could; and not to give her that security would be to deprive her of her only comfort in the after desolation."

Julia looked up once more with her expressive smile; "That is exactly what I think," said she. Mr. Archer answered her, not Clara, thinking the smile a great deal more eloquent than the speech, and giving it full credit for the substance of all that it shadowed forth. "You are perfectly right," said he, "but it is a new view to me." Then he opened the book once more and read the lines half unconsciously—

Was it not well  
Once to have spoken?—it could not but be well!

"Come, I shall retort upon you; isn't this a feminine view of duty, and therefore, of course, loquacious? All women think that it cannot but be well to speak under any circumstances." "What a shame!" exclaimed Julia. Clara went quietly back to her work with a look of contempt. She had not the gift of trifling. Presently, however, she looked up with a brightening face—a new visitor had arrived—Mr. Dacre. [We will inform the reader in confidence that we have some reason for supposing Dacre to be the name which was left blank in Clara's opening soliloquy.] He was also one among the family inmates, and moreover Clara's special friend, though there was nothing between them partaking of the nature of a flirtation. They had the same tastes, generally the same opinions; he had considerable genius, which she indisputably overrated, he was elegant in his modes of thinking, feeling, and speaking, and liked few things better than a conversation with her. As to his character, that is, the combination of will, temper, heart, and habits, which are somewhat more important than mere intellect, it lacked stability, and was without that nameless ascendancy which seems to be the special mark of a high manly nature, and by virtue of which it stands erect, guiding and subduing those whose merely intellectual gifts may be perhaps superior to its own. This deficiency, however, Clara did not feel; perhaps she was scarcely aware of it; we do not criticize most strictly those to whom we stand the nearest. Clara could speak, and speak freely, to Mr. Dacre of subjects on which, in her own family circle and among her other acquaintance, silence was practically enforced upon her, not by want of comprehension, perhaps, but by want of sympathy. The shyest and most reserved nature is precisely that which most enjoys the rare privilege of speaking; rare to it because it needs so peculiar a combination of outward circumstances and inward disposition to induce, or rather to enable it to do so. So slight a coldness, so small a sneer is enough to repulse it and shut it up for a long while to come. These characters are often boundlessly unjust in their feelings towards others, if not in their judgment about them; but it is very difficult for them to help it. It may be because we are so very thin-skinned that a tender touch has wounded us; but while the wound still smarters freely we can scarcely be chided for avoiding a repetition of the touch.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The contemplation of the beautiful is elevating to the soul. It chastens it, and fills it with deep, felt pleasure, to the memory of which we can turn in after times, as the mariner turns to a light in the storm. Truly—

"A thing of Beauty is a joy forever.  
Its loveliness increases; it will never  
Pass into nothingness; but will keep  
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep  
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breath."

How important then that we seek ever to discover the beautiful, while we turn from all that is distorted and untrue!

CHARITY.—Is any man fallen into disgrace? charity doth hold down his head, is ashamed and out of countenance, partaking of his shame.—Is any man disappointed of his hopes and endeavors? charity crieth out, alas! as if it were itself defeated. Is any man afflicted with pain or sickness? charity looketh sadly, it sigheth, it fainteth and languishes with him. Is any man pinched with hard want? charity, if it cannot succor, will console. Doth ill news arrive? charity doth hear it with an unwilling ear and heart, although not particularly concerned in it. The sight of a wreck at sea, of a field spread with carcasses, of a country desolate, of

houses burnt and cities ruined, and of the like calamities incident to mankind, would touch the bowels of any man: the very report of them would affect the heart of charity.—[Dr. Isaac Barrow.]

Profaneness.

Are there any who are accustomed to use God's name as an expletive, and to bandy it as a by-word? "Who employ it in all kinds of conversation, and throw it about in every place?" Perhaps, in their hearts, they consider this habit an *accomplishment*; think it manly and brave to *swear*! Let me say, then, that profaneness is a *brutal* vice. He who indulges it is no gentleman. I care not what his stamp may be in society. I care not what clothes he wears, or what culture he boasts. Despite all his refinement, the light and habitual taking of God's name, betrays a coarse nature, and a brutal will. Nay, he coarsely admits that it is ungentlemanly. He restrains himself in the presence of ladies; and he who fears not to rush into the chancery of heaven and swear by the Majesty thereof, is decently observant in the drawing room and the parlor. But, again, Profaneness is an *unmanly* and *stilly* vice. It certainly is not a grace in conversation, and it adds no strength to it. There is no organic symmetry in the narrative that is ingrained with oaths; and the blasphemy that bolsters an opinion does not make it any more correct. Our mother-English has variety enough to make a story sparkle, and to give point to wit; it has toughness and vehemence enough to furnish the sinews for a debate, and to drive home a conviction; without degrading the holy epithets of Jehovah. Nay, the use of these expletives, argues a limited range of ideas, and a consciousness of being on the wrong side. And if we can find no other phrases through which to vent our choking passion, we had better repress that passion. And, again, Profaneness is a *mean* vice. It indicates the grossest ingratitude. According to general estimation, he who repays kindness with contumely, he who abuses his friend and benefactor, is deemed pitiful and wretched.—And yet, oh profane man! whose name is it you handle so lightly? It is that of your best Benefactor! You, whose blood would boil to hear the venerable names of your earthly parents hurled about in scoffs and jests, abuse, without compunction and without thought, the name of your heavenly Father! Finally, Profaneness is an *unlucky* vice. Once more I ask, Whose name is it you so lightly use? The name of God!—have you ever pondered its meaning? Have you ever thought *what* it is that you mingle thus with your passion and your wit. It is the name of Him whom the angels worship, and Whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain!

Profane man, though habit be ever so stringent with you, when the word of mockery and blasphemy is about to spring from your lips, think of the considerations just suggested—try of God—and, instead of that rude oath, cry out in reverent prayer, "Hallowed be thy name!"

### The Skinned Horse.

A friend of ours informs us, that an acquaintance of his assures him, that he has often heard his grandfather tell how an old officer in the Revolutionary war used to relate the following story. It therefore comes to us from good authority, and we hope that nobody will take the liberty of doubting its truth.

Colonel —, an officer in the "times that tried men's souls" and horses' bodies, owned a faithful steed which had served him through the wars, and had arrived at the mature age of twenty-five years. Being on a visit a few miles from home, while his master was enjoying a glass of cherry bounce with his host, the horse got to a pile of cherries which had just been emptied from the cask, and as they were well saturated with spirits, they soon made him "as drunk as David's sow." If our readers know how drunk that means, they will be able to judge of the condition of the poor old horse. If not, we must inform them that he was so badly off as to be taken for dead; and in this state deprived of his shoes, and stripped of his hide.

The Colonel hired another horse and returned home, sadly lamenting the fate of his venerable and faithful steed. The misfortune of the animal was talked over between the Colonel and his wife, and though they severely blamed him for getting so beastly drunk, it was concluded on the whole, that as this was the only instance of intemperance during a long and useful life, they should not visit his memory too severely. With these reflections they retired to rest. But what was their astonishment, about midnight, at being awakened by the neighing of a horse, which sounded precisely like that one whose death they had been so deeply lamenting.

"Husband! husband!" said the old lady, giving the Colonel a nudge, "isn't that our old horse? It whinnies just like him."

"Our old horse, indeed!" replied the Colonel. "How do you think, wife, that the poor old horse could come here after being dead and skinned?"

"I don't know how, I'm sure," returned the old lady, "but it sounds just like our old horse; and if it isn't he, it must be his ammunition, that's all."

The good woman meant apparition. But while the worthy couple were yet talking, the same noise was heard again, and in the most piteous tones of a suffering horse. The Colonel was no believer in ghosts, but the neighing was too much like that of his old favorite to be any longer disregarded. He got up and went to the door, and there—what a sight for sore eyes!—he saw indeed the very identical old horse, shivering in the night air and looking most reproachfully in his master's face. The heart of the old revolutionary smote him; for it was now apparent that the poor beast had never been dead—but only *drunk*; and that he had acted with too great precipitancy in divesting him of his skin.

What was to be done? The horse begged most piteously in such language as he could use, and asked as plainly as a dumb beast could, to have his skin put on again. The old lady was consulted, and being very handy with her needle, she readily sewed the hide on again, which being still moist, soon grew as fast as ever to the flesh of the animal, who lived seven years afterwards—and never again was guilty of eating raw cherries.—[N. Y. Com.]

It has been well-said that many a man has lost being a great man by splitting into two middling ones. Concentrate your energies, if you would achieve anything great.



## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, FEB. 28, 1850.

## LETTER FROM BOSTON.

Chocoma Sprinklings, Number 13.

By Dokey Wally.

I am yet in the land of the living my dear Maxham, although you might infer otherwise from the long interval which has elapsed since my last bucket of "Sprinklings." I receive the Mail every week and rejoice to see in the increase of the advertising list, evidences of its prosperity. Waterville cannot fail to become a large place, and my own belief is, that from the opening of the Railroad, its growth will be extremely rapid. I am glad to observe the earnest, go-to-work spirit manifested by your citizens, and those of Bangor, and other places on the contemplated line, in furtherance of the project for uniting your town with the city just mentioned, by the indissoluble ties of a Railroad: it is a scheme worthy of your strong efforts, and when carried out will most certainly accelerate the onward progress of your beautiful town. There was a time when Boston would have lent a helping hand to such an enterprise, but at this particular period, a man would be considered a lunatic, who should solicit subscriptions from our citizens for building a Railroad. The depreciated Bonds and Stocks of twenty roads at least in which Boston Capital has been largely invested, stand up like emaciated, sickly figures, to frighten away the friends of internal improvement, and it is in fact just about as much as Boston can do, to struggle through with the works she has commenced. Nevertheless, I am one of the sanguine kind and believe a favorable change will occur before many months.

We have had the usual round of theatricals, concerts, lectures &c. this winter by way of amusement. The new (so called) science of Electro Biology has perhaps created as much interest as any thing, but even this is now passing away. Professor Fiske has been the great lion in this particular branch, and has drawn together large audiences to hear his lectures and to witness his "wonderful" experiments. Electro Biology is but a new name for mesmerism, or rather the exercise of magnetic influence upon persons in a *wide awake* state. I had the curiosity to attend one of the Professor's lectures, but must confess that the performance looked to me very much like a humbug—at any rate I saw no experiment tried that might not have been the result of previous management between the parties. After a silly and pedantic lecture by the Professor's assistant, upon the "harmony of Creation," which any schoolboy who has read simple works upon astronomy might have excelled, the audience were invited to come forward upon the platform to be experimented upon.—In answer to this call, some twenty or thirty men and boys marched up and filled the seats. Copper pieces with a filling of zinc, were placed in their hands, and all commenced gazing intently upon the metallic charms. After the expiration of some ten minutes, the Professor and his assistants began to walk along the rows of patients, and to press upon their heads in a peculiar manner, telling them to open their eyes if they could. About a dozen could not, or pretended they could not, and these were the "impossible" subjects, upon whom the operators proceeded to perform *divers* funny experiments, such as obliging them to keep their arms rolling over and over like a windmill, fastening them to their seats, making them see serpents, &c. &c. All this was done while the subjects were perfectly conscious and awake, and was certainly most wonderful, if it was not entirely feigned; but there was not a shadow of proof to show that there was not a previous understanding, and I therefore came away, disgusted with the exhibition. I believe firmly that there is much of truth in the mysterious science of mesmerism, but at the same time there is a vast deal of humbug mixed up with it, and the difficulty is to draw the line between.

The most interesting topic of discussion among our citizens now, is that suggested by the exciting debates in Congress. All eyes are turned to Washington, and every telegraphic item is read eagerly, to catch a glimpse of the result. It is certainly a period in the history of our republic, fraught with the utmost importance;—disunion, a word which should blister the tongue of any wretch who dares to utter it, as a measure to be resorted to, is openly proclaimed by the ultraist as preferable to the admission of California with its present constitution; and these traitors who pretend to represent the people, dare to hold out this fearful remedy as a menace. Shade of the great Washington! what horrible delusion is this which can so blind the vision of any of thy children? There are however, happily for the country, many patriotic, great men in the ranks of the Senate and House, whose voices will drown those yelping curs, and send them snarling back into their kennels. Brave old Harry of the west, how I honor thee for the stand, which thy noble chivalrous heart hath taken. What a scathing rebuke is contained in the sentence which burst from the lips of the old hero in reply to the remarks of Mr. Clemens, who had said that the South on certain contingencies would take a specific course regardless of consequences. "I know of no condition," said Mr. Clay, "in which a man could be placed, either on the boundless prairies of the West, in the howling winds and lashing fury of the Ocean storm, or in a deliberative body—none in which a moral, rational accountable being could take a step regardless of consequences." Mr. Cass too has come out in defence of the Union, and Mr. Winthrop in the House has poured out an indignant and eloquent reproof. Mr. Webster is now anxiously waited for, and, perhaps by the time this appears in type, will

have spoken in those trumpet tones to which no man can listen without being profoundly affected.

I have no fears for the safety of the Union, but no true man can read the cool arguments which some of these fanatics present, pro and con, in regard to the effect of dissolution upon the separate portions of the country, without a shudder, and a wish that such traitors might be banished from the Halls of Congress forever. The people will speak ere long if this discussion assumes any more serious aspect, and then, we to the agitators; let them flee from the wrath of a roused, indignant, patriotic people. Let me close with the glowing words of Webster, which should find a cordial and hearty response in the heart of every American.

"When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in Heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured—bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory, as *What is all this worth?* nor those other words of delusion and folly, *Liberty first, and Union afterwards*—but every where, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—*Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!*"

Boston, Feb. 28, 1850.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

Mr. Editor: I cannot, in justice to the Temperance citizens of Waterville, let the article of Pensos published in the Mail of the 14th, pass unnoticed. I think it does injustice to the majority of our townsmen, and is calculated, by the bare insinuations and false assertions contained in the same, to give a wrong impression of the morals of the good people, to all persons not intimately acquainted with our true position. I do not intend, at this time, to prove the statements of Pensos to be untrue; it will be time for me to do so when the same shall be substantiated by something more than mere assertion. It is well known to the citizens of this town that, for two or three years, the temperance question has been the test question at our town meetings, and have we ever failed to elect good temperance men for our town officers? No, never. A decided majority have on each occasion shown themselves to be for temperance. Two years ago, the town by a large majority, voted to choose a Committee to prosecute all violations of an act entitled "An Act to restrict the sale of intoxicating drinks;" it was also voted, that the Licensing board be instructed to approve the actions brought by said Committee, by endorsing their names upon the writs, and to show that the voters of the town were ready to assist in this matter by something more than their approbation; the sum of two hundred dollars was voted to be raised to defray the expenses of said prosecutions. The Committee appointed at this meeting for a short time performed their duty fearlessly and manfully, and so successful were they in their operations that every grogshop was closed, and nearly all the spirituous liquor in town was stored in one cellar. For a few days peace and quiet reigned triumphant; the poor heart-broken wife and half-starved children of the inebriate began to be cared for, and smiles of joy beamed forth from the countenances of those who had been crushed with sorrow for years. Would to God that these happy days had ever since shone upon us, and if that Committee had remained as faithful to the sacred trust in them reposed, as they were at first, this town would not at the present time be cursed with a single grogshop, where the dark "Beverage of Hell" is dealt out indiscriminately by the servants of Satan. But for some reason unknown the efforts of these gentlemen ceased, and rum-sellers took courage from their want of perseverance; again they sold the poison, very silly indeed at first; but after a short time they became certain, that the Committee would not trouble them, and went to their old work without restraint. It was proved to us to a demonstration, that our laws are effective if only enforced. The Committee closed all the rumshops in town and would have kept them closed, had they only prosecuted in every case of known violation. At our meeting last March, temperance men were again elected to fill the offices, a Committee again appointed to prosecute, and the voters of the town felt confident from their high standing in community, and known pledges, that a war would be immediately commenced against the rum-sellers and carried on successfully. How great has been the disappointment of the citizens of this town. The persons appointed have done nothing, and have been stumbling blocks in the way of others, who would have carried on the work. If they had not courage to act, they should not have accepted the appointment, and then perhaps individuals would have been appointed who would have enforced our laws to the utmost extent. We must come to the conclusion, from the votes and acts of the citizens of this town, that a large majority are in favor of the suppression of the sale of intoxicating drinks.—Pensos takes the position that "A majority of the freemen of Waterville are in the habitual use of intoxicating drinks." I call for proof, and when it is presented if I cannot demolish the same I will quietly yield the point at issue, and confess that I have been most sadly mistaken. If the first two positions assumed by Pensos cannot be maintained, the third must necessarily fall, as it is founded on the truth

of the former. If the positions and assertions of Pensos are correct, it is wrong that the world has ever witnessed any reformation, and reformers should have been arrested and held to answer, for opposing the wishes of the majority. I doubt not a Committee will be appointed at our annual meeting, composed of men who would do their whole duty. The citizens of Waterville are determined that our laws shall be respected, and that the rum-sellers of this town shall be brought to merited punishment. If this Committee do not their duty faithfully, I know of a band of a hundred men, that are solemnly pledged to do it for them.—It is a shame, a burning reproach upon the people of this town, to suffer more than a dozen grogshops to exist among us, sending forth a deadly poison to destroy the bodies and souls of men. Citizens of Waterville, let us show by our works that the rum-seller must cease from his work of death; let us show to the world that we are not in favor of the sale of that which is the cause of nearly all the crime committed in community; let us have some pity upon the wife and children of the drunkard, and remove the poison from the path of the tempted; let us look to it well, that we perform the part allotted to us in this life in such a manner, that the blood of our neighbor shall not be required of us, in that which is to come.

Yours, TRUTH.

## Exhibition among the "Rum Uns."

A member of the flourishing class of young men who are pursuing a promising course of education in a certain section of our village, gave a public exhibition on Saturday last, very much to the credit of his teachers, and to the great encouragement of his classmates. While standing in the door of one of the rooms in which he has been accustomed to take his daily lessons, making a series of experiments upon the laws of gravitation, he was accidentally jostled by a man who was endeavoring to pass in to shake hands with the teacher. Turning some thirty degrees on his axis, the hopeful pupil of Baccus gave the intruder a lesson in geometry by putting a point between his eyes, and causing his head to inscribe ninety degrees of a circle on its way to the pavement. As soon as the subject of the experiment could convert himself from a horizontal to a perpendicular, he struck a dotted line to the office of Justice Stackpole, where he drew such a plan of the abuse he had suffered, that the Justice favored him with a line thence to deputy sheriff Miller, of Clinton, who happened to be at hand, and who proceeded at once to drop a legal perpendicular upon the base perpetrator of the outrage. The Sheriff is an acute manager of such cases, and proceeded at once to make square work. He is no mechanic, but he had hardly lain his hand upon the culprit's shoulder, when he found himself executing a "cart-wheel" a little quicker than the job could be done at Stilson's. This introduced the problem whether law or rum should rule in this matter. Several bystanders volunteered to aid in the solution, and this promising pupil of one of the most popular of our village schools, soon found himself exalted by the multitude nearly to the top of Justice Stackpole's stairs. Many a graduate of the same school has risen to notoriety through this narrow channel. But before arriving at the topmost step of this pathway to fame, the culprit took a firm position in opposition to the popular will, and, as is always the case when the popular voice is opposed, he was at the bottom of the stairs in half the time it took him to ascend.

Here commenced a series of experiments in repulsion and attraction. The descending body was attracted to so violent a contact with a man at the door, that he thoroughly "tapped his claret" before he could be repulsed. The bystanders were attracted to the aid of the sheriff; and while the pupil was raising one of his perpendiculars to a horizontal contact with the base of an opponent, the sheriff caused a hypothesis to be drawn in such a way that its square was more than a match for the square of the two legs; and the subject was at once drawn into shape to be measured as a parallelogram.

Then came the dividers of the law and the scale of penalties. The question was not whether the teacher or the pupil should pay the expenses of the experiments; or whether the school was one that should continue to have the patronage of those who had suffered by the exhibition. Nor was it, indeed, whether the law against the school would be worth as much to certain men, as the law that grows out of the school! The Court probably objected to the examination of these points. But the inquiry was, so far as we could learn, how many dollars from the pocket of the pupil would heal the wounded "morality" of our village, and convince the grog-drinking parents of Waterville that a dozen of the filthiest rum-holes in the State are necessary to our good name abroad? This was the problem for the Court, who decided that just five dollars was the sum that would satisfy the State for this violation of her laws—not the license law, which was made to be violated, but such laws as tend to protect the rum-seller in destroying the protection of the rest of community! It was also the opinion of the Court, that in order to render the rum traffic a safe pursuit, the pupil should execute a penal bond to the State, to give no more public illustrations. This was all the State required!

Who, then, should sign the bond? The man who tempted the pupil into the school of vice, and who buys his daily bread with the paltry tuition fee? Not he! He is the man who asks protection; and he is the man for whom the Court demands the bond! What else can save him from a just public indignation? And who but the father of the misled and mis-taught youth should stand between him and the already polluted reputation of our village? It is not enough that he should lose a son at the hands of these Teachers of vice and crime—these peddlers of filth and pollution; but he must hazard his money to insure them against

the natural and well deserved penalty of their own wickedness! This is law!—this is the equity of the rum traffic! But we digress.

The offence was duly measured, and the diseased appetite of the law was on the point of being satisfied, when another and a final demonstration was made, that closed the public part of the performances for the evening.—This was, geographically, a "bee-line" drawn by the prisoner, commencing directly at the elbows of his keepers, and extending down the stairs, across the Common, and down Main-street, in the very direction a drunken scape-goat (we use the word in its original sense, a goat that bears the sins of others rather than his own,) would be expected to run. In this line he was followed by all the "kidney," the sheriffs, lawyers, witnesses, spectators, rabble, drunkards, &c.; till darkness enveloped the whole scene in one of the most delightful legal mystifications ever seen in Waterville.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

MR. EDITOR: As there has been considerable dispute about the distance from Sebasticon to this place, by the two different routes, you will confer a favor by publishing the following in your paper, the several distances having been ascertained by actual measurement by Eph. Town and George Pollard.

From Brown's Corner in Sebasticon to the Williams House in Waterville, by way of Fairfield Bridge, 5 miles and 184 rods; by way of Ticonic Bridge, 5 miles and 48 rods.

From the west end of Sebasticon Bridge to the Williams House, by way of Fairfield Bridge, 5 miles and 313 rods; by way of Ticonic Bridge, 4 miles and 240 rods.

SARTAIN'S UNION MAGAZINE for March—of which it is praise enough to say that it is equal to the preceding numbers—has been received. The illustrations are good, and its pages are enriched with many excellent articles—stories, sketches, essays, poetry, music, &c.

HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—The No. for March contains the conclusion of that delightful story, "Susy L.—'s Diary," which is soon to be issued in pamphlet form; it will then be within the reach of every one, and must meet with a ready sale.—Many other good things, some with "pictures to match," are to be found in the March number of Holden.

We are compelled to apologize for the lateness of our paper. The delay in the reception of a quantity of paper, ordered in season, was no fault of ours—yet we suffer the penalty of asking our readers to excuse us.

Will the publisher of the "Scalpel" forward us his back numbers, from No. 1 to this time, with his bill for the same. We must have them.

CAUTION.—The Gardiner Fountain cautions the "friends of sobriety" in Waterville to look out for a de-based specimen of the genus *Rum-seller*, named Albert Cottle, who has been prosecuted in that place until he has been compelled to quit his de-basing business. He proposes to remove to Waterville—under the impression, probably, that no man can be so mean as to be denied the privilege of engaging in this nasty business here.—The facts stated in the Fountain make Cottle mean enough, in all conscience, but he will find some birds of his feather here, that will make him blush without the aid of brandy, or we are no judge.

THE CHURCH MEMBER'S HANDBOOK.—A Guide to the Doctrines and practice of Baptist Churches, by William Crovel, Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Waterville, Me. Boston: Gould, Kendall and Lincoln.

This little book has been for some time on our table. It is not the first work the author has submitted to the public, and therefore stands in little need of the commendation of the press in order to secure its introduction into the churches generally, in the denomination in which he is so widely known. Its just what its title indicates—a book for Baptist church members.—A handbook for the reference of the young, or indeed of the old church members, in all questions and upon all subjects involving church duties and discipline. It is in some respects peculiarly adapted to Baptist churches, for which the author designed it; though it is in no way disqualified for usefulness in the hands of any one who desires to understand his associate duties and privileges in the church. It contains instruction which the church member should by no means be without, and in the want of which originate most of the difficulties with which churches are perplexed. The work is arranged, as it seems to us, with peculiar propriety, and was, we presume, needed in the Baptist churches. The duty of supplying it has fallen into the hands of one who is evidently familiar with the task. The little work cannot fail to be acceptable to the Baptists, and must be the medium of much good among them.

In common with others, we have been highly gratified of late, in examining some Daguerreotypes executed by Mr. S. WING, whose beautiful pictures prove him well deserving of the title of *artist*—one often profanely assumed by wretched bunglers of this much abused art. It is conceded by all who have seen these specimens, that no other Daguerrian who has visited us has given us such admirable counterfeits of the "human face divine," and one is at a loss which most to commend—the fidelity of the *likeness*, or the beautiful finish and artistic elegance of the *picture*. We are glad to learn that Mr. Wing is receiving substantial tokens of this universal admiration, in constantly increasing orders for pictures. In these days of bluster and braggadocio, of loud boasting and impudent assumption, when no one is expected to succeed in life, unless he blow loudly the trumpet of self-praise, it is truly gratifying to notice a contradiction of the popular creed, and that now and then—as in the case of Mr. W., true merit, though modest and unassuming, is appreciated and well rewarded.

KNOCKING.—The Grand Jury of Monroe county has been paying a visit to the two young ladies whose mysterious knockings have kept Rochester city in a state of excitement, as the affair, in disturbing the public peace, has been kept up for two years. The Grand Jury, by indicting the very clever ladies, may get at the great secret of the *modus operandi*.

In Wisconsin Mrs. Lovicy Keyser has recovered \$100 damages of Joseph Heath for selling rum to her husband. Liquor dealers in that State have to give bonds to pay for all injury growing out of their trade.

THE DISUNION CONVENTION AT NASHVILLE.—The North Carolina Standard expresses the opinion that the Legislature of that State ought to defray the expenses of her delegates to the Nashville Convention. One motive suggested for this is to insure a full attendance. We suggest, if that is the object, the Legislature will have to do something more

than foot bills. Unless very necessitous delegates are chosen, it will take a round sum of money to hire a quorum of delegates from the slaveholding States to show themselves in or about Nashville, on the day fixed for this Convention. If any should, out of curiosity, or any other motive, set out, we venture to say they would not dare to admit to the stage driver where they were going, nor at Nashville what they came for.

We are no prophets, or there will be more delegates from the free than from the slave States, when that Convention is held.—[N. Y. Eve. Post.]

[The Legislature of Tennessee has refused to appoint delegates to this Convention, and has adopted resolutions declaring unwavering attachment to the Union, and a determination to stand by and defend it "at all hazards, and to the last extremity."]

FIRE IN GARDINER.—A fire was discovered at about 4 o'clock Wednesday morning in the building occupied by Leander Lowell, tailor, opposite the Cobobsee House, which soon communicated with the buildings to the North and South, consuming those occupied by Geo. W. Bachelder, law office, Owen Dealy, tailor, George M. Atwood, bookseller, Miss Clark, milliner, William Ring, butcher, Kelly & Rowell, Shoe dealers, E. Jackson, stove dealer, Henry Sager harness maker, McKenney, jeweler, John Brown, confectioner, and Mr. Brown the barber. The fire was confined to the space between Williamson's brick block on the south and the pass way or landing on the north. The buildings burned were of wood and not very valuable. The Cobobsee House and other buildings in the vicinity on the opposite side of the street were in imminent danger, and suffered more or less from the scorching heat. We learn that Gen. Bachelder lost his library and most of his papers. Mr. Atwood and most of the others lost much of their effects. The wind which blew strongly the first of the night, had happily in a good degree subsided before the fire broke out.—[Kennebec Journal.]

THE CALIFORNIA FEVER. The rush for tickets for passage to California, via the Isthmus, is greater than ever. Capt. John H. Richmond, agent for the California steamers, informs us that all "through tickets" which he had in his possession have been sold up to the 13th day of April next. Some of the tickets which he has sold have since changed hands at an advance of \$125.—[Journal.]

WHO ARE THE ANNEXATIONISTS IN CANADA.—One would suppose that the inhabitants of French origin in Canada and not the English, would be in favor of annexation to the United States. At the election in Quebec, however, which turned upon this point, 1679 voters of French origin voted for the Anti-Annexation candidate, and only 329 of British origin; while for the Annexation candidate there were only 609 voters of French origin to 594 of British do. The Anti-Annexationists' candidate, obtained therefore, a majority of 1070 of the voters of French origin; while the Annexation candidate received 265 majority of the voters of British origin.

THE WISCONSIN LEGISLATIVE RESOLUTIONS declare the powers of Congress may be rightfully exercised so as to prevent the extension of slavery into Territories now free, and to abolish slavery, and the slave trade, whenever either exists under the exclusive jurisdiction of Congress; that any attempt to dissolve the Union ought to be resisted by the General Government to the last extremity; that the Wisconsin Senators and Representatives are instructed to vote for the exclusion of slavery from the District of Columbia, and generally to relieve the Federal Government from all responsibility for the institution; that they also oppose the admission of any State with slavery, and that they are in favor of admitting California. A copy of these resolutions is directed to be sent to the Legislatures and Governors of all the States, and to be laid before Congress.

MORTALITY IN CALIFORNIA. The Journal of Commerce says that a Life Insurance Company in New York finds that the number of deaths among its California risks, *seventeen*, instead of 31-2, which they should have been according to the tables. This affords some idea of the hazards to life encountered by California-adventurers.

ESSENCE OF MOLASSES. At the Court of Common Pleas in Essex county, last week, Benjamin Kimball was indicted for selling spirituous liquor. It appeared in evidence that he sold three quarts of something charged in the bill as "essence of molasses." Mr. Kimball, however, was compelled to pay sweetly for his ingenuity in inventing a new name for an old thing. The Court did not understand such refinements, and insisted on *rum*. The defendant was convicted. We observe that our apothecaries no longer sell bay rum; it is "bay water."—[Boston Courier.]

THE NEW YORK RESOLUTIONS. The New York Assembly have adopted the resolutions of the Senate, regarding California and slavery, with a slight amendment, which has been concurred in. As passed, the resolutions instruct the Senators and Representatives of New York to use their best endeavors to put an end to the slave trade in the District of Columbia, to secure the insertion of the Wilcox Provision in all territorial bills, to resist firmly the extension of slavery or the jurisdiction of Texas over any part of New Mexico, and to admit California as a state under her present constitution. The test votes on the resolves in the assembly was, ayes 74, noes 16. In the Senate, on the amendment, ayes 26, noes 1.

THE LAWRENCE MURDER.—The examination of Dr. M. P. Clark and his wife, charged with the murder of Miss C. L. Adams, has been postponed. Mr. Taylor, the young man who waited upon Miss Adams, has been arrested as an accessory to the crime of abortion. He found bail in \$2000.

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—The Congregational Church and Society in this place, with whom Dr. Tappan has labored for so many years, have given a call to Mr. Edwin B. Webb, of the Bangor Theological Institution, to become their pastor.—[Maine Farmer.]

PHOTOGRAPHY IN CONGRESS. A few days since Mr. Davis, of Massachusetts, read a petition in the Senate, asking for the passage of a law by which the "speeches and reports of both Houses shall be printed in photography, a legible and accurate system of printing by sound." After some discussion, the petition was referred to the Committee on the Library.

A GOOD BUSINESS FOR LAWYERS. A letter writer in California states that a Baltimore lawyer is at work in San Francisco, with a Baltimore lawyer carrying the hod for him.—An honest calling, truly, and if the fees are satisfactory, it may be quite as desirable as gold digging.

APPLES. The best quality of apples are selling in New York city at eight dollars a barrel, and inferior at three and half to four.

BANGOR AND WATERVILLE RAILROAD.—We learn that over four thousand shares, or

something more than the amount (\$400,000) required to enable the stockholders to organize the company, were taken up in the stock of the Penobscot and Kennebec railroad company during the present week. We are further told that arrangements are so far consummated that as soon as the line can be thoroughly surveyed and the necessary connections formed, that the road will be put in progress. Whoever will take the trouble to look carefully over a map of Maine will see, that with no competing line between the Penobscot and Kennebec rivers, this road offers inducements to capitalists beyond any unoccupied route in New England.—[Railroad Journal.]

THE CRISIS.—It would almost reconcile us to a dissolution of the Union, if we could thereby rid our public councils of such brawlers and braggarts as Mr. Foote. That man has again set the nation by the ears, by a declaration in the Senate, that the slavery question must be settled *this week*, upon peril of dissolution.—Unless something is done before Saturday next, (now only three days' grace,) Mr. Foote says, the question will be beyond the jurisdiction of Congress, and events will occur which even he will not name. And the correspondent of the Journal of Commerce—who, by the way, is about on a footing with the valiant Senator from Mississippi—endorses the cry of "wolf," as follows:

"Senator Foote's statements have created alarm. The events expected are a renewal of the struggle between North and South next Monday, and the consequence, the breaking up of the House by the Southern men, who are coming armed for a contest. That is the design and expectation. Mr. Foote made his general assertions without particulars. He, therefore, urged the Senate to do something by Saturday. Foote was unquestionably authorized to state what he did."

But neither Mr. Foote, nor his sycophantic ally, the correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, can succeed in frightening the representative or the people out of their senses. The Union is safe, and will not only live till Saturday next, but long after Mr. Foote, and his whole coterie of disorganizers are forgotten.—[Boston Trav.]

INQUIRY.—We are requested to say that Ebenezer E. Finch, a portrait painter and daguerreotype artist, left Bowdoinham in Dec. 1846, for Moose Head Lake, to be gone a few weeks, leaving his effects behind, since which time he has not been heard of. He has relatives and friends in B. who are anxious to ascertain whether he is living or not. He was about 50 years of age—a respectable man of steady habits.—[Banner.]

DEATH BY RUM.—We understand that Wm. Mains, of Dexter, was found dead, one day last week, at what is called ragged brook, upon the Penobscot waters. The verdict of the Jury of Inquest was, that his death was caused by that dreadful disease, *delirium tremens*. He started the night previous to the morning on which his body was found, from a rum tavern kept by a Mr. Grant, in that vicinity, in company with a man named Frost, belonging to Bangor, having a jug of rum each in their pockets. The next morning Mains was found as before said, stretched upon the ice dead. His clothes were nearly all torn from his body, and lay in tatters around him; his body was considerably battered and bruised, supposed to have been done by his own hands, while struggling against the fearful and terrific effects of *delirium tremens*. His jug was broken in pieces by his side. Under these circumstances, the unfortunate man—the cruel victim of the rum-seller, it may be, died, and literally staggered his way into eternity!—[People's Press.]

Mr. Fletcher Webster, son of the Hon. Daniel Webster, has been appointed Surveyor of the port of Boston.

The case of Green the Reformed Gambler, who was arrested in Albany a few days since, upon a charge of obtaining money and goods under false pretences, has been most thoroughly investigated by the Police Magistrate, and as the examination of Spaulding, the complainant, fully demonstrated that the charge was instigated by malice, and was entirely without foundation, the complaint was dismissed, and Green honorably discharged. He is still held by the U. S. Marshal on a charge of having in his possession spurious Treasury Notes.

DISCHARGE OF GREEN, THE REFORMED GAMBLER.—J. Green, the reformed gambler, was examined in the U. S. Commissioner's office at New York on Monday, on charge of attempting to pass a forged Treasury note, and was discharged. Green, in explanation, stated that he got the two bills found in his possession from Mr. Gillett, in the department at Washington, to assist him in the business in which he was engaged, endeavoring to ferret out counterfeiters. It was not proved that he attempted to pass them.

PHONOGRAPHY IN NEW YORK.—The City Council of New York have ordered Phonography to be taught in all the public schools of that city, and have appropriated \$3000 to defray the expenses during the coming year.—The sale of phonetic works is said to amount to more than 250,000 copies annually, and is constantly increasing.

A California letter states that a young gentleman in gold specs—a recent graduate of Yale College—has commenced the wood-sawing business, and is doing well. A Philadelphia lawyer is peddling pea-nuts at a handsome profit, through the streets of Francisco!

An infidel at St. Louis has pledged \$10 a year to a Sabbath School, not because he cares anything about the children, but because the improvement in their behavior, on the Sabbath has released him from various annoyances, which he values at \$10 a year!

FREE SUFFRAGE.—At the recent election in Wisconsin, the question of free suffrage was voted upon, and decided in the affirmative; the vote showing 4,090 for, 3,603 against it.—This establishes the right of every male citizen, of whatever color, over the age of twenty-one years, to vote at all the elections in the State.—[Louisville Courier.]

In how many thousand churches, Sunday after Sunday, is the high strained voice of the preacher heard, but how seldom the pure tone, that comes from the heart, and goes directly to the heart!

GRAIN FIELDS OF THE WEST.—Jas. Davis, of Waverly, Ross co., O., cultivates 1800 acres exclusively Indian corn, and has this winter a corn crib filled, which is *three miles* long, ten feet high, and six feet wide.—We presume this is one of the largest corn fields in the world, owned by a single individual. On the Great Miami Bottom, adjoining Lawrenceburg, Ia., about 25 miles below Cincinnati, there is one field seven miles long by three broad, extending in fact to Ansonia, which has been planted down to corn for nearly half a century. Although corn is one of the most exhaustible crops, no manure is ever used, and the soil is as fresh as ever! The Washburn Valley is also remarkable for the extent of its corn-fields.—We should be glad to see the statistics of some of the corn-fields on the Illinois prairies.—[Cin. Gazette.]







